

SONGS

Dedicated to the Class of '95

(To the tune of "Sound the Battle Cry.")

1. We are Freshmen true,
Of Northwestern U.,
And two hundred strong,
Pull for Ninety-five.
Talents and beauty rare,
Who can with us compare,
We, the mighty throng
Of Ninety-five.

Chorus—Rah then! Rally then!
Round the class standard
We're united,
We of Ninety-five.

(Repeat Chorus.)

2. Brave and gallant boys,
'Mid all fun and joys,
Forget not the goal—
Strive for Ninety-five.
Sweet and winsome girls,
With your bangs and curls,
You will win the prize in Ninety-five.

Chorus—

3. Though we wear no canes,
Yet we have the brains,
And we'll show the Sophs,
In Ninety-five.
And with work well done,
High class honors won,
We'll triumphant be
In Ninety-five.

Chorus—

4. We hope to swell the throng,
That has passed along,
From these classic halls—
In Ninety-five.
Let us work with might,
For a record bright,
And we'll shout our song:
Rah, Rah—for Ninety-five.

(Repeat Chorus.)

Chorus—

W. FOSTER BURNS.

Nonaginta Quinque

This song took first prize in the Freshman
Song Contest.

1. Have you ever heard in song of the glories
that belong
To the school that's held by all of us so
dear?
In Northwestern's classic halls, to us the
happy lot befalls
To gather words of wisdom and of cheer.

Chorus—Ninety-five!

Ninety-five! from those magic notes
what gladness we derive.

With our banner waving o'er us,
We will shout the joyful chorus,
'Tis non-a-gin-ta quin-que—Ninety-five.

2. In this ancient "classic" town, men and women
of renown
Have rejoiced to see our Alma Mater
thrive;
And upon this sacred ground she's advanced,
until she's found
Her climax in the class of Ninety-five.
3. O we're a happy band, and we're going hand
in hand
From our vic'tries here to those of after
life,
And where'er our lot may be, "95," the
thought of thee
Will nerve, encourage, fit us for the strife.
4. So whate'er the fates may send, we'll be
faithful to the end,
And for our common good, united, strive;
And through all our given days, we will ever
sing the praise
Of the brilliant banner class of Ninety-five.

OF '95

N. W. U. Song, Class '95

This song took second prize in the Freshman Song Contest.

1. There is a class in Evanston,
As yet to fame unknown,
But Alma Mater's kindly rays,
Will soon mature renown.

Chorus—

Roh, rah, reh, ro, ra, re, Class Ninety-five X
C V,

Ro, ra, re, ro, ra, re, Class Ninety-five.

2. For worth e'en now remarkable,
And naught that wrong alloys;
Good morals, faith, and gallantry,
Are native to the boys.

3. The girls so bonny, young and gay,
Northwestern's boast and pride,
Inspire our hearts to val'rous deeds,
And all that's bona fide.

4. Athletics great, and socials rare;
'Twas manifest to all,
How Sophs and Juniors humbled were,
And yielded in foot-ball.

5. And so the world shall grant its best,
To zealous girls and boys,
Who own kind Providence in all,
And further mankind's joys.

Hear Ye

(Tune, "Upidee.")

1. September's days were passing fast,
Tra, la la, Tra la la,
When first upon the campus passed,
Tra, la la, Tra la la,
A class that yelled in clarion tones,
Which echo still through all the zones:

Chorus—Hear ye, hear ye, who are we?
Nonaginta quinque, don't you see?
Hear ye, hear ye, who are we?
Nonaginta quinque, see!

2. But soon uprose bold Ninety-four.
Tra, la la, Tra la la,
We tried our steel with the sophomore;
Tra, la la, Tra la la,
In foot-ball then we made the score
Sixteen to four and yelled the more.

Chorus—

3. And Ninety-three as well did share
Tra, la la, Tra la la,
Foot-ball castles in the air;
Tra, la la, Tra la la,
As usual, pride had a fall,
For Ninety-five can conquer all.

Chorus—

4. And thus on rostrum, as on field,
Tra, la la, Tra la la,
In equal contest we'll ne'er yield.
Tra, la la, Tra la la,
Our class will mount on eagle's wing,
And for dear Ninety-five we'll sing:

Chorus—

JOHN LAMAY.

